

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

EDWARD AND MARY.

CHAPTER III.

The events of the day had made a powerful impression on the mind of Bremer; and the eye that traced him on his excursion, and now watched him in his tent might discover an alarm-stricken conscience, if not a blood-stained hand. His hardened nature, however, soon overcame all outward perturbation, and the steadiness of his eye seemed to declare that the tumult within was hushed.

Throwing aside all concern for the mysterious appearance of Mary, and fear for any circumstances connected with her, he proceeded to lay plans for the accomplishment of a deed blacker than any we have yet seen in him, whatever we may have suspected.

He had, in the short interview with Mary, conceived a desire of possessing her, which, at all hazards, he resolved to gratify.

The greatest impediment to the accomplishing of his purpose, was the love Edward evidently felt for her, which would prompt him to defend her with his life. But Edward had unfortunately placed himself in the power of Bremer, by striking him—his superior officer, and the strict military law would punish the offence vigorously, which law he now resolved to enforce to its extent.—True, witnesses existed who could palliate the crime:—but would his policy allow them to appear?—The sequel will show.

His first step was an application to the commander-in-chief, to whom he stated the offence in a most aggravated light. The colonel's high standing in the army removed all suspicion of falsehood from the mind of the general, and he immediately granted an order for the arrest and close confinement of Edward, which order, it may well be supposed, Bremer caused to be executed without delay.

His next step (for despatch, not less than evil, was his element) was the seizure of Mary. In this proceeding he chose not, personally, to appear. Having selected five of his creatures from his regiment, who were not strangers to many similar acts of violence, he despatched them in the dusk of evening, with orders for three to secure and remain with the cottager while the other two conveyed the girl to a

lonely house upon a deserted heath, the inmates of which were devoted to his service.

The recluse and his daughter had retired at an early hour, and the villains found all still when they arrived at the spot. With the greatest precaution and silence they opened a case—ment, inadvertently left unfastened, and proceeded to the interior without creating alarm. Aided by a dark lantern, which they now produced, they found their way to the apartment of the recluse, where he lay in tranquil repose.

The ruffians, expert from practice in deeds of villany, succeeded in binding him hand and foot without awakening him: they then aroused him to the danger of his situation. His exclamation of terror brought his daughter to his apartment in an instant. She, too, was seized, and they were proceeding to bear her away, when the voice of the recluse arrested them.

He had recognised the two who held his daughter, and who appeared the leaders of the band, as men who were, previous to being driven from his home, his servants; both of whom, at that time, were devotedly attached to him. One of them, Friburg, owed his life to the recluse, who in his younger days had rescued him from drowning, and he had often sworn never to forget his preserver.

He now thus addressed them:—"Friburg!—Caspar! that lady is the daughter of Frederick Bremer!"

They loosed their hold, and stood as motionless as if a thunderbolt had burst upon them; while Mary sprung forward and threw herself upon her father's bosom.

"The child of our lost master!" exclaimed Friburg, doubtingly; "can it be possible?"

The blaze of the lantern flashed full upon the faces of the father and daughter.

"Look upon these features," said the recluse; "you remember my poor lost Julia!—is not she like her?—Friburg! but for this arm, your weltering corpse had long since sunk and perished beneath the waters of the Danube;—can you doubt the word of Frederick, when he now tells you that this maiden is his dear, his beloved, his only child?—Julia's spirit has winged its flight to the realms of eternity;—if my morning star of existence must so soon shed its radiance upon her home of peace, in the realms of bliss, let me too witness its rising!"

An exclamation of astonishment burst from both the soldiers at the same moment; and in full conviction of the truth, they advanced

and knelt to their former master ; swearing, if it were necessary, to sell their lives dearly in his cause ; and Friburg, rising, cut loose the cords with which Count Frederick was bound.

The other soldiers, who had withdrawn a little, now showed signs of dissatisfaction, and one coming forward, spoke for the three :—“ Friburg, this is executing the commission of our Colonel well !”

“ Curses upon his head !” exclaimed Friburg. For ten long years we have toiled for him in the path of infamy : we have shed the blood of his victims, and our own has mingled with it : the cries of slaughtered innocents have reached the throne of eternal justice, and nightly do we suffer the torments of the damned.—Here I, in the hope of mercy from a late repentance, renounce him and his associates :—if I am alone in this—be it so !—here I stand between my old beloved master, and the mandate of your Colonel,—and, opposed, I will fight with the fury of uncaged fiends : but if, like men, you will renounce the service of a monster who disgraces humanity ;—receive the hand of a friend, and swear to preserve Count Frederick Bremer against the machinations of his brother.”

The truth and justice of this appeal were irresistible. The three advanced and swore deeply the proposed oath ; and the whole five bowed in obedience to the Count.

Mary having learned thus much of the Colonel, began to entertain fears for the safety of Edward, and inquired of Caspar respecting him. He repeated briefly the circumstance of his being confined, and the cause, stating that his trial would take place the ensuing morning.

“ I shall attend that trial,” said the count ; “ fully confident that I can refute his charge, and bring upon his head the destruction his crimes have long merited. Friburg,” continued he, “ do you know his dungeon ?”

“ I do,” returned Friburg ; “ and have upon my finger a signet that will admit its wearer.”

“ This is fortunate,” replied the Count : “ I must visit my young friend to prepare him for the morning, and encourage him with the assurance, that he is safe from the wiles of his Colonel.”

Having dressed in the suit which he wore on the night of his disappearance from home, eighteen years past, and thrown over himself a dark mantle, he committed his daughter to the care of Caspar and the three soldiers, and departed with Friburg, saying,—“ This dress will protect me from the violence of the only one whom we this night have to fear.”

Conducted by his faithful guide, he passed the sentinels without interruption, and at length arrived in view of the prison. Friburg here stopped, and giving to his companion the signet, returned to the cottage.

The count advanced, when the sentinel at the gate hailed him with—

“ Whom do you seek ?”

“ Edward Gardiner,” was the reply.

“ Upon whose authority ?”

“ The Count immediately produced the signet.

“ Pass,” said the sentinel ; and the gate was closed upon him. A soldier conducted him to the cell and retired.

Scarcely was the door closed upon him, when he heard the sliding of bolts in another quarter, and looking round, saw the Colonel entering cautiously through a private door. The Count retired behind a projecting nook to secrete himself from observation and watch, in silence, the motions of his brother.

The causes of this unexpected appearance of the Colonel it may be necessary here to explain.

The Colonel felt confident of success, if he was opposed in his charge by no other than Edward. But Edward would name as a witness, the recluse, and demand his appearance—his not being found at his cottage would cause a strict search to be made, and however well secreted by his emissaries, he might be found ; and his being found would probably result in disagreeable, if not dangerous consequences : besides, the girl would be sought ; she might also be found, and the same consequences ensue. Now, (for the Colonel was a cool reasoner, and for his own pleasure, aggrandizement, or safety, did not stop at bloodshed) the removal of Edward—his original purpose—would save the trouble and perplexity of extra care in the secretion of the recluse and his daughter :—his removal or theirs had become indispensable, and one blow, answering the same purpose, seemed to be, upon the whole, better than two. Edward might be despatched privately, leaving the coast clear between himself and the girl ; and this, by the by, thought he, might have been done much more easily and safely before the charge had been preferred against him to which he must answer in the morning. However, a grand project could never be given up because of an oversight in the performing ; and now that the affair “ cried haste,” he resolved to perpetrate the deed with his own hand (his favourite cut-throat being absent upon a different but very proper commission) this night :—he would be found dead in the morning, true ; but who could charge or think to charge the deed upon the brave Colonel of the 23d regiment of his majesty’s dragoons !—and it was with this intention that he now entered Edward’s cell.

Edward lay upon a bed of straw in a composed sleep ; a lamp was burning at his side, the light of which shone brightly upon his face, showing a countenance of tranquillity and innocence.

He was dreaming, and the few words he uttered may tell the subject of his thoughts ;—



"Mary, dear Mary," said he, "did I not tell you that we were safe from the acts of the Colonel? then now and forever I defy his power."

The Colonel, who with his drawn dagger, had been slowly and cautiously advancing, now stood within three feet of the sleeper; he paused for a moment, with a fiend-like sneer, at his last words, exclaiming: "In sleep and in death you may repeat that defiance, but in life never!" and he raised the deadly weapon:—the Count disencumbered of all disguise, advanced at the moment, and in a sepulchral tone that thrilled to the heart of the murderer, cried:—"Forbear!"—

Not the yell of myriads of pent demons bursting in one awful roar from the innermost caverns of hell, could have whelmed the maddening brain of the amazed Bremer in such unearthly horror, as the well remembered voice of his murdered brother at this guilty moment.

The dagger dropped from his nerveless grasp—his whole frame shook like an aspen, and he fell senseless upon the ground.

Edward awakened at the sound, and would have started from his bed, but the Count hastened to his side, and in a low voice gave him a brief description of the scene before him, requesting him to remain still; then, returning to his former position, he spoke in the same deep tone:—"Richard!"

The Colonel, aroused by the sound, raised himself on his elbow, and with horror painted upon every feature, gazed wildly upon the form of his brother.

The voice repeated:—"Richard, follow me!"

"Whither?" cried the distracted Bremer.

"To the cold regions of the grave," was the reply; and the form advanced as if to lead him away.

Bremer sprung upon his feet:—the terror of guilt sat heavily upon his soul; his features and form were distorted; a deep sweat of agony burst from his face, while he incoherently addressed the advancing figure:

"Back—back—claim the dead if thou wilt—the living are not for thee—avaunt!—my cry shall rouse the spirits of hell to claim thee to—ha!—'twill enfold me to its clay-cold bosom—those arms will crush me—madness! help!" and he rushed from the cell.

The Count hastily recounted the events of the night to Edward, and promising to attend the trial in the morning, he muffled himself in his mantle and departed.

#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

Early on the following morning, the Colonel found himself at his own quarters, but how he came there, he could not divine. The horror of the last night's interview remained uppermost in his imagination, and no other thought could as yet find harbour there.

By degrees, however, his self-possession returned, and his stern determinations and cruelty kept pace with it. Indeed, his desire of

wreaking revenge upon Edward was augmented. This youth appeared to be his evil genius: his deepest plans were still foiled, and foiled by Edward: not a step could he take or project form, but Edward was there to mar it;—a settled hate, which appeared to have originated in supernatural authority, took full possession of his bosom, and he swore eternal vengeance against the unfortunate youth.

His bloody scheme for the night having failed, the trial must now inevitably ensue; and he braced every nerve to meet it boldly. He felt that there was doubt respecting the result, and that doubt was founded upon danger. But it was too late to retract; and collecting his firmness he shook off fear and despair, and stood, so far, unshackled.

In the mean time, the Count had returned to the cottage, and over his present dress assumed his old disguise. The anxious inquiries of Mary for Edward were satisfied, and the plans for the day formed. Caspar was charged with the protection of Mary at the cottage; Friburg and the three soldiers were to remain within call from the court, and the Count would mingle with the spectators, and remain unobserved until his services were required.

The hour of trial arrived, and found each one at the post assigned. The judges were seated; the Colonel stood conspicuous as the accuser; the benches were filled with anxious spectators,—and Edward was brought in. He silently bowed to the concourse of strangers around him, and took his seat with perfect composure.

The court was opened by Colonel Bremer, who proceeded to state, in a speech of some length, the "aggravated insults" and "vile blows" he had received from the prisoner; to which all, and Edward more than all, listened with astonishment.

At the conclusion of the charge, the question—"guilty, or not guilty?" was proposed, to which Edward promptly replied—"Not guilty."

The court replied, this must be made to appear: as yet no witnesses were produced on either side, and the testimony of the superior officer must be taken in evidence, unless confronted by a third person on the part of the prisoner.

Edward was required to produce such a witness; but he remained silent.—

The recluse was not named:—the Colonel felt renewed confidence, and anticipated triumph was visible in his countenance.

"Young man," continued the commander-in-chief, "this is to you a moment of the utmost consequence—your reputation, at least, perhaps your life, is at stake: the law must be regulated by the testimony in point, and on your part you have brought none:—can your name no one who will give proof of palliating circumstances regarding your conduct?"

We may well suppose that the countenance

of the Colonel fell, as Edward replied :—"none but this man."

"And who is he?" inquired the general: all eyes were directed to the spot, as the Count advanced from the crowd, (yet in his disguise,) and stood forth in open view.

The Colonel caught a glimpse of the recluse, and a chill of terror ran through his frame :—"A liar; a false perjured villain!" exclaimed he impetuously, in reply to the question of the general.

"He has not spoken yet," said the general calmly. "We will at least hear him, before we admit the accusation."

"With permission of the president of the court," said the Colonel, "I object to his being heard."

"There would be neither law nor equity in preventing him," replied the General: "we must grant the prisoner all possible opportunity to prove his innocence."

The Colonel was justly alarmed: unless he could prevent, by some decisive step, the declarations of this man, he saw he must be defeated.—

"General William," said he, "I know this man well:—a base mercenary wretch, in the service of the prisoner; bribed hither by him to blast my reputation, and rescue his accomplice from the punishment his crimes merit."

"Without reference to the case in question," interrupted the Count, "I can produce testimonials of my veracity which all present, even the accuser himself, shall acknowledge."

"*Shall acknowledge!*" echoed Bremer, fiercely.

"Colonel Bremer," said the General, "I command silence:—the witness shall be heard."

"I will transgress a few moments," continued the Count, "in relating an incident, of importance to those concerned, at the recollection of which, one heart in this assembly will tremble so long as the current of life will flow there."

"In the city of Vienna, some eighteen years since, two brothers resided, who became attached to a lady of superior intellect and virtues: both were devoted to her, but she favoured the *younger brother*, and after a time they were wedded.

"The evening following—last night was its anniversary—the two brothers took an accustomed walk; from which, late in the evening, the elder brother returned alone. He circulated a tale respecting the disappearance of his brother, which obtained credence—but the story was *false*."

An involuntary start of the Colonel, at these words, directed many eyes towards him, but the Count proceeded.

"The brothers had pursued their walk to the banks of the Danube, where its stupendous and craggy cliffs projected over a deep and rapid current, and after pausing for a time to listen to the roar of the waters beneath, the

younger brother proposed returning. The elder objected, saying, it was yet early, and the refreshing breeze was more grateful than the confined air of the city.

"But replied the younger, 'I have a wife at home that waits for me.'

"Still let her wait,' was the answer; 'the moon yet lingers in the west, and its beams are food for expectation.'

"What mean you, brother?" said the startled husband.

"I mean,' replied the elder fiercely, 'that the girl should have been mine—you stole her affections from me.'

"If you accuse me of unfair means, you do it falsely,' coolly returned the younger.

"Speak not of falsehood,' said the other; 'no one exists who, unwincing, can accuse his fellow of falsehood. It generates with our existence; it is cherished in our religion; and it lives beyond the grave;—I never found truth but in steel!'

"You may find truth where it hies, and a listener to your ravings in the foaming currents beneath your feet,' replied the younger;—'I shall return: my Julia waits for me with a kiss, and I hasten to receive it.'

"'Twill be a parting kiss, then; and you shall meet it in blood!' exclaimed the elder brother, and in an instant his dagger was impurpled with —."

"Tis false as hell!" interrupted the enraged Colonel; "I touched not my dagger that night!"

"You touched not your dagger!" cried the Count sarcastically :—"You were not accused."

The court rose in astonishment, for the guilt of the Colonel was evident :—Bremer, wrought to madness at the foregoing relation, and bewildered at the danger of his own inadvertent exclamation, became, in the whirlwind of conflicting passions, lost to every thing but the point of safety; which he now thought to attain by refuting the tale.

"I defy your proof," said he: "I defy all testimony you can bring to support this falsehood."

"Thus I produce it," said the Count; who, in the general confusion had, unobserved, stripped off his disguise, and now appeared himself.—He held forth a dagger, stained with blood, bearing the crest of Richard Bremer; and he showed a rent in his sleeve, and a corresponding scar on his arm, where the erring blow was received.

At the sight of his brother, the Colonel lost all his firmness: the last remains of fortitude vanished from his breast, and he rushed forward deliriously, exclaiming :—

"Lost—lost—beyond redemption lost!—the fiends that prompted the deed, have betrayed me to death—the choicest curses of hell blast them, till they writhe with the torments that I now endure;—ha! ha! ha! —the red



artillery of heaven has burst upon them, and they fall—ha! ha! ha!”—and with a frantic laugh he fell senseless to the floor.—

In conclusion, Friburg and the soldiers appeared and testified to the crimes of the Colonel, who was condemned and executed;—and Count Frederick came in possession of his paternal estate.

Edward's release, honour, and promotion, were announced at the same moment, and the next day saw him happily wedded with Mary.

## THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

(Concluded.)

“When she retired, I watched her sylph-like and beautiful form as it receded from my view, with an emotion entirely new, but which will never be forgotten. I had learned her place of residence, and a few days after, under pretence of a morning's ride, I took Miss Emerson, a young lady who was an intimate friend of mine, into the carriage, and visited the spot where the person who had so much interested me lived.

“It was a delightful retreat—embosomed in trees and so numerous were the flowers and blossoms around the humble cottage, that the very air breathed of perfumes and the birds, untroubled by our approach, fluttered among the branches which almost obstructed the path. The whole harbour of Boston with its islands, its castles, its pellucid waters, and white sails fluttering from the many vessels gliding on its bosom was in full view and presented a most magnificent and delightful prospect. We alighted, and were met at the door, and welcomed by the young lady, with a cheerfulness and ease which denoted better days. Miss Emerson was no less charmed with her than myself; but we regretted to find that her aunt was declining rapidly and to all appearance the last rays of the taper of life were already glimmering in the socket. We soon returned, Miss Emerson having left a substantial proof of her benevolence and her amiable disposition. My father, to whom Miss Emerson related the occurrences of the morning was so interested that he as soon as was practicable, made them a visit himself; but he arrived only to witness the funeral obsequies of the kind aunt. While the procession, in which my father joined was moving from the church to the place of burial he learned from the officiating clergyman, who was an acquaintance of his, many particulars respecting the young lady who had so deeply enlisted the feelings and sympathies of us all. Her father, who was a respectable minister, lived in the western part of the state, where he was settled over a small but affectionate congregation. He had been there about three years, and his only child, Maria, was about two years old, when both he and his amiable wife were seized with a fatal disease, and the same grave received their remains on

the fifth day after the first attack. The orphan Maria was as soon as possible sent to reside with her only aunt, a maiden lady, in affluent circumstances, by whom, as her age permitted, she was placed in one of the first boarding schools in the city, where she remained until about two years before the death of her aunt. At this time the failure of a mercantile house in whose hands near the whole of her property had been placed, reduced them to the depths of poverty. The kindness of their friends, and the needle of Maria prevented their suffering; but her aunt was unable to sustain the feelings such a change in her circumstances produced, and she gradually sunk to the grave leaving Maria an unprotected and friendless orphan.

“‘What will become of her now, God only knows;’ added the clergyman, as he finished his short narration.

“‘She shall never want,’ replied my father, as they arrived at the gates of the dead, where the fresh mound of earth showed the ‘appointed habitation.’

“‘If the girl is what she appears, she shall find at my house a home and a parent.’

“‘God will bless you,’ rejoined the minister, ‘for befriending the amiable orphan.’

“The procession stopped—the coffin was deposited in the sacred earth, and a prayer by the clergyman finished the impressive solemnity. Maria hung over the grave in speechless grief, as she saw the earth heaped upon the remains of the only relative who had been spared her in the wide world; and when the last green turf was placed on the little mound, she fainted, and was carried senseless to a neighboring house. When she had sufficiently recovered, the proposal of my father was made known to her by her venerable and esteemed friend the minister, and accepted with a gratitude more eloquent than words. She left a spot where her morning of life had been spent in youthful happiness and innocence, and in a short time found herself at my father's door. What was my surprise, my rapture, at beholding him leave the carriage with the lovely creature, whom, of all others, I most wished to see, hanging upon his arm, and clinging to him as to her only friend and protector. She entered the room, and was introduced to my mother as the Miss Rosewell, in whose favour Miss Emerson had so warmly interested herself.

“‘Edmond,’ said my father, as I entered the apartment, ‘this young lady you are to consider as your sister; you will be to her a brother.’ I took her hand pressed it to my lips, and while her blushing countenance and eloquent eyes plainly informed me that she remembered our former interviews, I assured my father I should always feel a pleasure in complying with his wishes. Thus did our acquaintance commence. The amiable Maria became the delight of her numerous friends, the joy of my parents, and the admiration of

the brilliant circles in which she moved, herself a splendid star. The impression that was made at our first interview was never obliterated, and the little strawberry girl became the adored mistress of this mansion. Never have I reflected on these singular occurrences without a feeling of gratitude to my Maker, who in this manner bestowed on me a treasure which has made my life, one of continued sunshine, and unalloyed happiness."

THE MEDDLER.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

### BOLIVAR.

The most brilliant star in Colombian history, and indeed in the history of modern revolutions, is Bolivar. To whatever it may be ascribed, whether to accident, singular good fortune, the highest order of personal merit, or to all combined, Bolivar has raised himself to an eminent station in the list of successful heroes, and remarkable men. He was born at Carraccas, about the year 1785, and is said to be descended from a family of distinction in that place. As a favour granted to very few of the native youths of South America, he was permitted to finish his studies at Madrid. He afterwards visited different parts of Europe, travelled in Italy, Germany, England, and France, and was on very intimate terms in Paris with Humboldt and Boupland.—He returned to Madrid, where he married the daughter of the Marquis of Ustariz, and soon departed for his native country. His wife did not survive many years, and he has not been married a second time.

While yet in Europe, he had formed the design of devoting himself to the cause of South American independence, when the course of events should point to a suitable time; and as it happened, he arrived at Venezuela just as the standard of liberty was beginning to be unfurled there by Miranda and his associates. Bolivar was not entirely satisfied, however, with the general system of measures pursued by the patriot party, and he avoided taking any active part. He did not approve the new constitution, which the congress of Venezuela had adopted at Caraccas, and he declined a request to be united with Don Lopez Mendez on a mission to England, designed to promote the interests of the government formed on the principles of this constitution.

But the time soon came when he felt it his duty not to be inactive by a mere difference of opinion. The constitution, as it is well known, did not succeed; the wars and disasters which pressed immediately upon its adoption, proved its insufficiency, and dispelled the hopes which its friends had entertained, of its power to concentrate the interests and the action of a scattered people, suffering under numerous privations, and engrossed with the necessary care of

self-defence in different parts. Bolivar perceived that this was not a time to deliberate on theoretical schemes of government; he joined the army under Miranda, and engaged in the contest with a zeal and patriotism, that raised him to a speedy popularity and influence. From that day to this, his history is in the eyes of the world; it has been a succession of splendid achievements, which have gained for his name a merited place on the same tablet with that of Washington. The brightest records of ancient and modern fame, have nothing prouder to offer. Time and future events must show, whether this hero of the South will complete the parallel with his illustrious model, which may thus far be run with so much seeming justice.

In some respects Bolivar's ultimate success has been remarkable. He was several times unfortunate in his early career as a soldier, and more than once his enemies in his own country, as well as those from abroad, triumphed over him. But it is one mark of a great mind to rise above defeat, and restore the confidence which ill success has weakened. His ambition has never been too strong for his integrity, and a sincere desire for his country's good. For a considerable period he was Supreme Dictator, with all the army at his command; but when a calm was in some degree restored, a congress convened, and a favourable prospect seemed to open, of establishing a solid basis of government, he voluntarily yielded up all power, and insisted on returning to the rank of a private citizen. This was accordingly done, till he was re-chosen by the new congress to be commander-in-chief of the army, under the constitution and the laws. Twice he has by mere accident escaped assassination. In the first instance the dagger, which was intended for him, was plunged into the heart of his secretary, who happened to be sleeping in the hammock usually occupied by himself.

Energy is the predominant trait of his character. His movements are always prompt, decisive, and rapid, and at the same time directed with so much discretion, that, with a force frequently inferior in numbers and discipline to that of the enemy, he has been able to carry through a successful warfare with Morillo, Morales, Monteverde, and other of the most experienced Spanish generals. His generosity has been much praised; he gave his slaves their freedom, and is said to contribute a principle portion of the income of his estate in affording relief to the widows and children of soldiers, who have lost their lives in battle. As a companion he is social and pleasant, temperate in his habits, abstemious in his diet, and drinks no spiritous liquor. His constitution has suffered by the severe trials, both of body and mind, which he has gone through. His speeches and addresses, which have been published, evince sound and practical views, and adaptation of purpose, rather than depth of



thought and great intellectual resources. His celebrated speech at the opening of the congress of Angostura, we suppose to be his most remarkable effort in this way, and that speech shows, at least, that he had studied profoundly the history and principles of various forms of government, and had most seriously at heart the object of establishing that form which should be best suited to secure the prosperity and happiness of his country.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

*Selected from the writings of NIHIL NEMO, Esq.*

### HE'S GOT THE MITTEN.

Much is expressed in this short sentence. It tells of hopes withered, and dreams of happiness fled and gone perhaps forever. The young and the thoughtless may sneer at the unfortunate victim, and the cold worldling may drop some passing remark upon it, but if some single old gentleman like myself should hear that short exclamation, it would elicit a warmer and a tenderer sentiment. His mind would unconsciously travel back to the days of his youth and dwell upon the period when he too had received this memento of thoughtless pride and girlish prudery.

To me it is peculiarly affecting. The girls indeed laugh at my grey hairs and peaked nose, and quiz my gaunt-like appearance—Yet I was once young and gay, and my happiest hours passed in the society of maids, as blooming and handsome as themselves. And from one of the fairest of her sex I received that curse of youth and terror of Bachelors "*the mitten*." It came scorching and deadening in its influence, and blasted anticipation in the bud. I never loved again. Many years have since passed away and my age is lone and dreary. My home is cheerless and my fireside unoccupied; life itself is devoid of charms, and when I search for the cause, I travel back through many a wintry year, to that bleak spot in my youth, when—"I got the mitten."

If then I hear of one in a similar situation, have I not cause to say that it affects me? Too plainly does it tell me of feelings trifled with, and affections spurned and trampled in the dust. It reminds me of those days that are gone and the visions of my childhood—of hope, and love, and the thousand bright dreams that played round my heart when life was young and buoyant. Those days alas are no more—my friends are away—and the season of youth can never return.—With sorrow I confess it, I belong to the fraternity of "we single gentlemen," and am now at fifty-five, a thin, spindle-shanked Old Bachelor, weary of the world and unknown to its enjoyments.

In defence of the "brotherhood," I must say however, that I believe in nine instances out of ten, they can date the commencement of

their resolution to lead a single life from that only cause; nor can it be doubted that many an unfortunate maiden has had reason to lament her indiscretion, and with benumbed fingers and a chill old age, regretted the day that she gave her lover "*the mitten*."—*Museum*.

**Unacceptable Gratitude.**—Capt. —, (we spare his name) was walking last Wednesday in company with the Marquis of Anglesea, down Picadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential military salute. "God bless your honour! (said the man, whose accent betrayed him to be Irish,) and long life to you" "How do you know me?" said the Captain. "Is it how do I know your honour (responded Pat;) good right sure I have to know the man who had saved my life in battle." The Captain, highly gratified at this tribute to his valour in such hearing, slid half-a-crown into his hand, and asked him "when?" "God bless your honour, and long life to you (said the grateful veteran;) sure it was at New-Orleans, when, seeing your honour run away, as hard as your legs would carry you, from the Yankees, I followed your lead, and ran after you out of the way; whereby, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honour I never will forget it to you."

Cibber one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no notice of this at the time, but when, a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Booth, "Do not I hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your servant-maid, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me."

## SUMMARY.

A new three wheeled carriage has been invented at Bristol, which will travel at the rate of eight miles per hour, and is to be propelled by manual labour within the vehicle.

A manufactory for printing calicoes is about to be established at Troy, N. Y. It is said the machinery about it will cost a million of dollars.

**Coal.**—The Ithaca Journal states, that a small vein of coal has recently been discovered near Owego, Chenango co.

The importance of the proposed canal from Rochester to Olean is greatly enhanced by the recent discovery of large beds of excellent coal in the vicinity of the route.

## MARRIED,

In the town of Stuyvesant, on Sunday evening the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. GEORGE CHITTENDEN, Jun. to Miss CATHARINE JACKSON all of the above place.

## DIED,

In this city, on the 7th inst. JAMES MELLEN, aged about 8 years, son of Mr. James Mellen of Macedon, of malignant sore throat.

On the 10th inst. CATHARINE VAN ALLEN, aged 61 years.

On the 11th inst. BENJAMIN BALDWIN aged 39.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
THE TOMB.

*He is not here; for he is risen.*—Matt. xxviii. 6.

He is not here, the angel cry'd,  
When Mary sought him at the Tomb,  
The Saviour doth not here abide;  
See where he lay—O Mary come!  
He is not here—sweet echo cries,  
He's ris'n triumphant—conquer'd death,  
'Twas meet that he should thus arise,  
Who pray'd for foes, with dying breath.  
He is not here—each heart replies,  
He's op'd the door of Joseph's Tomb;  
Now he from earth, to heav'n will rise,  
To place prepare, for man a home.  
He is not here—let mortals shout!  
He came on earth, God's grace to show;  
To light—immortal life he brought:  
O spread his word! that all may know.  
He is not here—my soul rejoice!  
Life to the world, he came to give;  
"Because I live," O hear his voice!  
"Ye also, shall" forever "live."  
He is not here—O mourn thou not!  
But hope again with him to meet;  
Ne'er be his pain, his love forgot;  
O, come and worship at his feet!  
He is not here—but why despair,  
He sits on high, at God's right hand;  
Cast feeble soul on him thy care,  
He intercedes, can Love withstand?  
He is not here—but cloth'd with light,  
He looks with love, on all below;  
O Lord! direct our steps aright,  
Ne'er let us sink, before the foe.

ELLEN.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
AUTUMN.

The summer age has passed away;  
The waters blacken in the rills  
The leaves are falling:—and decay  
Hath stretched her pall upon the hills;  
The earth seems in the yellow leaf  
The blossoms from her plains have gone;  
The fairy Summer—oh, so brief!—  
How quickly it has hurried on!  
But readers, ponder, as ye fly,  
So rapidly with time along,  
And tell me—where is yesterday?—  
The business of its giddy throng?—  
The hopes that ye had cherished then?—  
The visions which ye thought were fair?—  
Those visions, shall ye see again?—  
No: they are lost in air.

P.

### THE BROKEN HEART.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are still,  
And mute the song of gladness;  
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,  
And his life was a dream of madness;  
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,  
From hope to darkness driven,  
His agony was the rack of hell,  
His joy the thrill of heaven.

He is gone to the land, where the dead are cold,  
And thought will sting him—never;  
The tomb its darkest veil has rolled  
O'er all his faults for ever;  
O! there was a light, that shone within  
The gloom, that hung around him;  
His heart was formed to woo and win,  
But love had never crowned him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may rest  
In a soft, unbroken slumber,  
Where the pulse, that swelled his anguish'd breast,  
Shall never his tortures number;  
Ah! little the reckless wittings know,  
How keenly throb'd and smarted  
That bosom, which burned with a brighter glow,  
Till crushed and broken-hearted.

He longed to love, and a frown was all,  
The cold and thoughtless gave him;  
He sprang to ambition's trumpet-call,  
But back they rudely drave him.  
He glowed with a spirit pure and high;  
They called the feelings madness:  
And he wept for wo with a melting eye.  
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardour full and keen,  
To rise to a noble station.  
But repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,  
He sunk in desperation;  
They called him away to pleasure's bowers,  
But gave him a poisoned chalice,  
And from her alluring wreath of flowers  
They glanced the grin of malice.

He felt, that the charm of life was gone,  
That his hopes were chilled and blasted,  
That being wearily lingered on  
In sadness, while it lasted:  
He turned to the picture fancy drew,  
Which he thought would darken never;  
It fled—to the damp, cold grave he flew,  
And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

### AN IRISH IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing that a lady had a blemish on one eye.*  
Though one of her sparklers, as Cupid's were blind,  
I swear by Saint Patrick's grandmother,  
The Divvil a flaw in *that* eye could I find,  
She bother's me so with the *other*.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Win-now.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is the beginning of Trouble.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Yonder lives a shoemaker, who works without leather,  
And, strange! employs all the four elements together,  
Of fire he makes use, of water, earth, and air,  
And for ev'ry customer makes a double pair.

II.

Why are delirious people like the lamp-post at night?

## LOTTERY TICKETS

*For Sale at this Office.*

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